Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.
Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.
Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweet Son.
Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?
Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him.
Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

...nound that doth hunt vs all to
That Dogge that had his teeth befor
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentl
That foule defacer of Gods handy wo
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to o
O vpright, iust, and true disposing Go
How do I thanke thee, that this carnal
Preyes on the issue of his mothers bo
And makes her pue-fellow with othe
Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph no
God witnesse with me, I haue wept fo
Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hun
And now I cloie me with beholding i
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quite my
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because
Match not the high perfection of my
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my
And the beholders of this Tragicke
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaug*
Vntimely smoothered in their dusk
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intellig
Onely reserued their factor to buy
And send them thither, but at hand
Ensues his pitteous, and vupittied e
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends roar
To haue him suddenly conueyed aw
Cancell his bond of life deare God
That I may liue to say the Dog is d
Qu. O thou didst prophesie the
That I should wish for thee to helpe
That botteld spider, that foule hunc
Qu. Mar. I cald the then, vain
I cald thee then poore shaddow, pai
The presentation of, but what I wa
The flattering index of a direfull pa
One heau'd a high, to be hurld dow
A mother onely, mockt with two s
A dreame of which thou wert, a bre

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